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ARCH-DEACON's Epistle to his CURATE.

LEST Curates proud shou'd make a stir,
I will begin with Reverend Sir,
Without a compliment I send
These lines, to tell you I intend
To send of flowers a basket down,
By Friday's coach to A---ford town,
To you directed at the Swan;
For which I'd have you send your man
To fetch 'em Saturday by noon,
And plant them all before the moon.
Let all your care to this be given;
And pray for me to gracious heaven,
To put them forward in their bloom,
When I to C---n shall come.
Curates may rub the winter o'er;
I come at spring, and not before.

Watch W---ks my servant day by day,
And see he earns what I shall pay.
Write every thing about my garden:
I leave the church to the church-warden.

*Has N---l---d made his promise good,
And gratis fetch'd my flock of wood?
If he in this has kept his word,
Say what the fort, how many cord?

If malt proves good, and casks don't flink,
I hope you soon will brew my drink.
If he good malster looks askew,
Pray tell him that for me you brew,
And then perhaps he'll truff on you.

I wonder, and am much confounded,
Since corn of late has so abounded,
That all my tenants, griping elves,
Should keep their money to themselves;
When as they know their rent is due,
And they may have receipts from you.
Pray travel up, and travel down,
And talk and vaunt, as t'were your own.
The tardy N---l---d ever tease,
Nor let John H---l---r sleep at peace;

If sober admonition fail,
Put them in mind there is a jail.

When every due is duly paid,
And balance is to balance laid,
Forthwith to W---r repair,
'Twill do you good to take the air.
There Mr. H---k---r you may see,
Receiver general is he.
The sacred idol don't detain,
Nor with unhallow'd hands propane;
To him the weighty truth confign,
And bid him write a golden line;
For every hundred pounds (oh! oh!)
Five shillings in return must go.
But let the bills that he shall write
Be after date, not after fight;
Not after fight; for tell me who
Would catch it twice, when once will do;

If to yourself you have respect,
My interest you'll not neglect.
If you in my behalf would stout it,
And write about it, and about it.
I then expect you send me word,
Put under cover to my lord;
And when I see in this you're true,
I'll find you something else to do.

Pray ask John H---l---r Sunday next,
(And mind it, as you mind your text,)
If Mrs. R---ge will hold the tythe
At the new rent of ninety-five.
Perhaps she may not like the ground,
Because I've rais'd the odd five pound.
Tell him I soon would know her mind,
That if she be not well inclin'd,
I may some other tenant find.

In all these premises don't fail ye;
As you're my curate, you're my bailey.
Thus I appoint you my attorney,
And am your servant, R---F---.

